New-England Galaxy & Literary Magazine.

TO RAISE [illegible] WE MUST [illegible]; TO PROCURE LOVE, WE MUST PARAGE THEM.—JOHNSON.

No. 424. FRIDAY, February 25, 1820. Vol. III.

BOSTON:
PUBLISHED EVERY FRIDAY EVENING, BY
JOSEPH T. BUCKINGHAM.
OFFICE OVER No. 17, CORNHILL;
Entrance at the Fourth Door south from the corner of State-Street.

☞ TERMS,—$3,00 A YEAR,—to be paid in advance.

☞ No papers sent to new Subscribers living at a distance, who have not paid at least six months in advance, or become accountable to some authorized agent.

☞ WANTED, No. 22 and No. 117 of the Galaxy.

WRITING.

MR. COBB'S School for teaching WRITING, in conjunction with that of Mr. VALENTINE'S, is now opened at Room No. 8, *Cornhill Square*, 3d story.

Mr. VALENTINE will continue his School for instructing Masters and Misses in the usual branches of ENGLISH EDUCATION. Will likewise attend an intermediate class from 11 to 1 o'clock, for the accommodation of those who attend the Latin Schools.

Those Gentlemen who have applied to Mr. C. to form a class for BOOK KEEPING by double entry, are requested to leave their names at the room by the 20th inst. as the class will commence immediately after. Dec. 17.

NEW BOOKS.

MUNROE & FRANCIS, have received for sale at No. 4 Cornhill,

The Exile's return, a tale, by a South-Carolinian.

Shecut's Medical and Philosophical Essays, designed to illustrate the Domestic origin of the yellow Fever of Charleston.

The Night Watch, or Pirates Den, a melo-drama, in two acts.

The Mutability of Created Things a Reason for Active Benevolence, a Sermon before the Howard Benevolent Society, and published by request of individual hearers; by Rev. R. S Storrs of Braintree.

No. 69, of the Atheneum, for Feb. 1, containing Recollections of the Camemorians, Visit to Iceland, Character of Lord Byron's Poetry; Chinese Gazette; the use of Machinery not detrimental to the lowest orders, &c. &c. Anecdotes, Poetry, Intelligence. Feb. 4.

Peter's Letters to his Kinsfolk,

JUST received, and for sale by MUNROE and FRANCIS, No. 4, Cornhill. Jan. 14.

Green Candle Ornaments;
For Sale, at the
Music Saloon & Variety Store,
No. 34, Market-Street, Up Stairs,
At 37 1-2 cents per doz. or 3 dollars per gross.
Feb. .11

CHEMISTRY.

DR. LOCKE gives notice, that his private course of instructions in "Chemistry as connected with the arts" will commence next Friday evening, at 7 o'clock, at No 2 Scollay's Buildings, and will be continued on Monday, Wednesday and Saturday evenings. Those who have already become subscribers and others who are desirous of attending the course, are invited to be present. Feb. 16.

Fraud Prevented.

TO counteract the many attempts that are daily made to impose on the unwary a spurious Composition instead of the *Genuine Blacking* made by DAY & MARTIN they have adopted a New Label, in which their signature and address,

97, High Holborn,

is placed so conspicuous in the centre of the label, that they trust an attention to this, and the difference of the type, which is unlike all letter-press, will enable purchasers at once to detect the imposition. The

REAL JAPAN BLACKING
MADE BY
DAY & MARTIN, 97, HIGH HOLBORN,
LONDON, is sold by their appointment, by their Agent, at the
Music Saloon and Variety Store,
34, Market-Street, Boston.

This inestimable composition, with half the usual labour produces a most brilliant jet-black, fully equal to the highest japan varnish; affords peculiar nourishment to the leather; will not soil the finest linen: is perfectly free from any unpleasant smell, and will retain its virtues in any climate. Feb. 18.

300 Pairs of Pantaloons!
200 Vests! 50 Frock Coats!
200 Black and Blue Coats!
70 Surtouts!

THOMAS WHITTEMARSH, No. 18 Cornhill, second door south of State-street, offers for sale,

Superfine Blue Coats $16 to $25; Surtouts $14 to $30; Frock Coats $9 to $28; 60 real Scotch Plaid and Camblet Cloaks $10 to $12; Drab and Blue top Coats $15 to $30; Toilinet Vests $2 to $3,50; Blue, Buff and White Cassimere do. $3 to $4; white Marseilles Dress do. superior quality, made in the most modern style; Black Silk do. $2,50 to $4; Linen and Cotton Shirts $1,50 to $3; Cravats and Pocket handkerchiefs, hemmed.

IMPROVED CRAVAT PADS.
GLOVES AND HOSIERY.
ON HAND,

Superfine Black, Blue and Coloured CLOTHS; a complete assortment of fashionable CASSIMERES and VESTINGS; 500 pieces first chop yellow MANKEENS; 20 do. fine white MARSEILLES; 20 do. Black Silk FLORENTINE; 20 do. WHITE JEAN; 60 pieces BROWN LINENS very cheap; SCOTCH PLAID and CAMBLET; BLACK VELVETS; Gilt and Plated BUTTONS; Flushing, Hunters Cloth, and Kersey for Great Coats, &c. &c. of which will be sold at such prices as cannot fail to please those who purchase with Cash——☞ NO CREDIT GIVEN.
Feb. 9.

MISCELLANY.

From the Charleston Courier.

DEFENCE OF THE THEATRE.

"The Stage is the Echo of the public voice."
1st. *Brutus*, Act 1.

MR. EDITOR,

A writer in the paper of Saturday, has no objection to starve the players, and the numerous individuals whose support is connected with them, in order to raise charitable, literary and religious funds for the benefit of others. He appears to be in the habit of loaning money at interest, and doubtless is not well pleased at the representation of Shylock. As I take a different view of the subject, and cannot consent that so many facetious and pleasant gentlemen as the comedians should be deprived of their rations so uncourteously, I will endeavour to keep them at table, in spite of Banquo's ghost, that would drive them from their seats.

Now although with every friend of the exhibitions of passion and rhetoric, I should mourn even the temporary loss of *Mr. Cooper's* performance; although I could never consent to laugh again, if the humour of *Hilson* should be silenced, and cannot forego many a beautiful picture, which the Theatre discloses—yet it is not on these accounts, but for more weighty reasons, that I oppose the writer in your columns. In the first place the Theatre is the source of public revenue; the Manager pays annually to the city, a tax equal to that of the owner of 500 negroes, or of one hundred thousand dollars in real estate. Now let your calculator of interest ascertain the accumulative value of this sum, in the progress of time, and reflect how much the city would lose by surrendering this amount to charitable and literary funds, which yield no tax whatever.—So that here is a deliberate design on the part of some enemy of our city, to close one of the sources of our revenue.

The Theatre supports a numerous corps of various classes of mankind, and the families dependent on them.

It produces, encourages, exhibits and rewards the efforts of men of genius. It produced *Shakespeare*—upon whose relics myriads, of authors, poets, moralists, paper-makers, printers, book-sellers and critics have been feeding, now subsist, and will feast to the end of time. Not to speak of the numerous tribe of imitators, who cling like forsaken birds to the shrouds of mighty vessels, hoping to pass with him over the waters of oblivion.

It produced *Aristophanes*, who taught us how to laugh—enabled *Otway* to excite for ideal beings the compassion which was denied to himself and illustrated, for the divine and the artist, images of unattainable virtue and beauty.

Segnius irritant animos demissa per aures
Quam quae oculis subjecta fidelibus.

It maintains a host of authors, the worst of whom at least deserves to be fed—of whom none are useless, many are beneficial, and some are ornaments and blessings to mankind. It called forth some of the sweetest strains of *Milton's* celestial harp; threw the warmth of spring over *Thompson's* winter; chased the hypochondria of *Johnson*; and charmed the innocent vanity of *Goldsmith*. *Addison* thought it an appropriate place for the lessen of patriotism; *Young* for those of virtue; *Shakespeare* made it the school of history; and *Sheridan* lent it his genius and his wit.

It frowns dulness into humility—vice into shade—and paints in high and bold relief the pictures of enduring innocence, of achieving valour, of unbending integrity, and daring heroism.—Such are some of its martial tendencies. It has others which are intellectual.—It imparts information—it quickens thought—it corrects taste—tends to introduce a proper pronunciation; a distinct, forcible, and eloquent delivery—which are all important at the forum and in the Senate house; and while they illustrate the oratory, contribute to the literary character of nations.

It has physical advantages. It inculcates politeness, ease and grace, and teaches society how to mingle together without jarring and collision.

It encourages Music—that inarticulate poetry, which all nations can read and understand—that delightful vehicle of communication which subsists between all the creatures of the earth and the air. When Ulysses found a bard among the Suitors, he spared him for his sacred art. Birds at that time were musicians; and I would ask the clemency of the Greek for the Charleston Orchestra. It would be cruel to close the mouths of those who time the air with melody.

It patronizes Painting, [illegible] geographical illustrations, assists architectural science and teaches optic illusions. It exhibits all variety of human manners, dress, and customs—enables us at the same time to travel and to be at home—delights the antiquary with the habits and vigour, and the effeminate beauties of the day with elegance and display.

The subject so grows under my hands, Mr. Editor, that it seems nearly as large as Mr. Guille's Balloon, and I must dismiss it. Yet cannot I do so without adverting to the benefit which the Theatre affords to the Shoemakers, who lay the foundation of society—the Barbers, who form its Corinthian ornaments—The Weavers, Milliners, Mantuamakers, Tailors and Seamstresses, who cover and adorn its beautiful columns. I would not willingly excite rebellion by producing famine among the gentlemen of the awl and the bodkin, and the ladies of the needle and whalebone.

But I proceed to another part of the subject vastly more important than these, and certainly calculated to throw light upon it. I consider the Theatre as necessary before the fact to the triumphs of the American Navy in the late war. When we consider the quantity of oil and spermaceti candles which it consumes, it must be regarded as a munificent patron of the hardy seaman when he conquers the whale in the freezing oceans of the north.—Lessen the demand for oil, and you curtail the commerce of the country. This part of our commerce, in particular, is the great nursery of our Navy—which has enough of glory to spare, but not enough of men.

I have said nothing of the common and obvious uses of the Theatre—such as the pleasure of seeing and being seen—the enjoyment of innocent and rational recreation—but will conclude by stating, that in addition to all these, it has often liberally contributed to the cause of beneficence, and lent the fervour of its appeals, and the illusions of its scenery, to the aid of unseen and silent misery.

FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

RAMBLES OF AN IDLER

IN THE CITY OF ST. PETERSBURG.

[From a yet unpublished translation from the French.]

CHAPTER V.

THE NIGHT AND THE DAY.

Well, Sir, I hope you will be reconciled to our sixty degrees of latitude, said to me yesterday an inhabitant of St. Petersburgh, in meeting me on the promenade.—It is now, added he, the 21st of May; it is ten minutes past one in the morning, said he in showing me his watch. Our April and May make up to you the small enjoyment of light and sky in November and December. You have complained, in winter of wanting lights at three in the afternoon; you have no longer need of them, at 11 at night, at midnight nor at three in the morning.—And what a sky and what clearness! There is the Gazette of Hamburg, you read it as well as in open day; neither France nor Italy, have nights to compare to ours.

He said true. I could not better reply than in joining him to continue the promenade;—about three o'clock, in the confusion of carriages and men, we separated. I had enjoyed a delicious night, I had breathed its freshness, I had drawn it in through all my pores. The rosy tint of morning replaced the twilight; they touched each other; there was no interval.

It is never worth while to trouble the enjoyments of the moment by cold reflections; reasoning kills sentiment, which is the source of our pleasures.—Of what enjoyments has not the reasoning age cruelly deprived us! We wanted to sound every thing, to comprehend every thing; we have dissected, weighed, measured every thing. We have deprived us of the happiness of being men. Ashamed of having a heart, we have wished to get rid of it, we have lodged it in the head, and the ancient dwelling is a *House to let*. Happy is he who has been able to save sentiment enough, not to be dried like a mummy in these times of general avidity! As for me, (he, thanks to Heaven, am not a being made up of reason, I enjoy in my plain way, the pleasure of the moment; and that it may not languish, I give up to it without reserve, and reject every comparison whatever; comparison with the past poisons the present. For in the moment that I breathe, and the place where I exist, I cannot be otherwise, or be elsewhere; this is my philosophy.—I am entirely, heart and soul, what I am.

However, Mr Philosopher, if you wish absolutely to argue upon your personal pleasures; argue upon them, analyze them, but pray, stop there. Is it not atrocious cruelty to disturb, by your reasonings, the enjoyments of others; that spirit of contrariety, that pride which pretends to fathom every thing, is a crime when it experiments upon the pleasure of others.—What spectacle more comforting than that of a man, who feels himself happy! Were he so by an error, leave it him, provided it is not dangerous.—If there is a duty then, it is, I think, to confirm the enjoyment of the happy man, in partaking it. The sight of a man, who loves his country, in whatever country he may be, is an agreeable thing; he has his reasons for being contented with his situation; it is gratitude which is the sacred source of patriotism, and when the patriotism is directed to heaven, when it ascends there and redescends it becomes religion; and I respect and venerate the divine sentiment. Let us leave to the Russian his sun and his nights without obscurity!

To day, when I rose at ten o'clock, I could not help reflecting in secret upon the time lost by the strange disposal of the day, and upon the singular manner of living in this country. It appears that my attentive domestic Fedotte, had perceived, by my appearance, my secret humour; he was evidently touched with my dissatisfaction with his country; and as if he had wished to make me forget it, he served me with an agility, and attentive kindness, which did not permit me to open my mouth. And I protest, that for fear of afflicting this good lad, I have kept a guard upon my humour; I have not whispered a word, neither against the ten o'clock that had just struck, nor against this country; for he is a patriot to the bottom of his soul, and he knows nothing beyond his country. It was eleven, when I made my first sortie; if I had any one to reproach, it was myself; why do I require seven whole hours of sleep?—This good Fedotte, to the last, seemed to say to me; Sir, do not be angry with me; if you rise if you go out so late, I am sorry, I have failed in nothing.—Indeed when I returned yesterday, Fedotte waited for me at the door, playing a fine air on his national guitar or his balalaika.—This morning, he had risen before me, every thing was neat and in preparation.

However alone by myself, and without any patriotick witness, I permit myself to reason upon *the day and the night of this country*. It is a most singular surprise to a stranger, when he first comes out of an assembly where he has supped by the light of candles, and open day light comes to salute him in the street. For myself, I thought I was mistaken, I drew out my watch, rubbed my eyes, enquired, and was several minutes before I could realise the degree of latitude I was in.—This mistake rectified, you are transported with a delightful sky, with the soft and serene atmosphere, with the movement in the streets and on the promenades; you forget that you are in the middle of the night, and in the intoxications of joy, you figure to yourself the commencement of a new day, you retire late, regret to lay yourself down, and sleep reluctantly. After a second, third and fourth time, when the illusion of novelty has been dissipated by reflection, you want to see the night succeed the labours of the day. You invoke night, you make it at your house, in spite of itself. For if you were to yield to the temptation, the whole disposal of the next day, all your affairs would suffer by it.

Furthermore, at this season, the night assemblies seem always to begin too early; you can hardly resolve to go; for darkness arrives not.—It would seem that private societies require obscurity, or at least the light alone of bougies.—One would say that the surrounding obscurity renders them more confidential, more amicable; it brings minds together and opens hearts. The shades seem to preside over the disclosures of friendly confidence. Thus is the day created by artifice! the curtains drawn, the shutters closed, have restored the night, again dissipated by the light of the bougies. Confidence is the first want of society.

Would you that a festival be brilliant? Do you give a ball, a masquerade?—Let lustres and chandeliers shed their sparkling rays, change and embellish every thing. The drapery, the pearls, the diamonds, the costumes, the figure itself demand [illegible] bronze and crystal again assist the illusion—it is a complete enchantment, that can never be effaced by the equal, modest and sincere light of day.—Thus in all countries people of fashion light flambeaux in open day, when they would make a brilliant celebration.

But if those that sleep, complain of the little time left them by the Russian nights, what will those say that cannot sleep?—It is incontestible that the eye reposes better, in obscurity, and that it falls to sleep better than in the light of the day; the day penetrates our transparent eyelids.—For me, I sleep profoundly, whether the night is dark or clear.—But those, who are obliged to invite sleep, and, as it were, carress it, to make it come, how shall they do? How does the poor mother in lying in, who, for a fortnight has not closed her eyes?—the poor sick man that expires for a moment of repose?—The worthy man in his struggle with misfortune?—the honest man tormented by domestick inquietudes and watching over his spouse and children sleeping?

I speak not of those who live to destroy, and to be the scourges of their fellows; in vain they draw their curtains and their shutters; no night shows their pillow, no night for their eyelids and their consciences.—There are celestial rays that penetrate even to the recesses of the perverse soul.

FOR THE GALAXY.

SAVANNAH SUFFERERS.

Mr. Editor,

The sympathy excited in the minds of the public by the recent sufferings of the people of Savannah by the destructive fire, which destroyed so large a part of their city, is an evidence that good and charitable feelings are not limited by narrow geographical bounds.

Scarcely was the tale told when corporations and individuals seemed to vie with each other to show their zeal for their relief, with more alacrity and to a greater extent than we remember to have witnessed on any former occasion.

We doubt not the propriety, and we may say authority, of corporations giving away the property of their constituents in charity even to relieve necessity. The managers of corporations act by a delegated authority, which authority they have no right to transgress or exceed. And although it is often said that a corporation has no soul, yet the individual members of a corporation are human beings and have souls as susceptible of charity as other persons, and we see no reason why the amount which they see fit to give in charity, should not come voluntarily from them individually.

As no corporation is this part of the country, where laws and liberty and the proper limitation of power, are best understood and practised, has ever to our knowledge claimed the power of making liberal donations, we might be spared the task of commenting upon others, whose conduct does not concern us; but as an incorporation of this town with the powers of a city is a favourite project with some of the inhabitants, it may not be misplaced animadversion to occasionally remind ourselves of the peculiar happiness we enjoy in our town of old steady habits, to console us for the lack of those great and splendid improvements which can only be made by the more arbitrary powers of city government.

In this town there has been nothing objectionable in the manner of collecting money to relieve the sufferers of Savannah; every thing has been voluntary, no deception has been used, no creeping into houses to assail the minds of the softer sex, by telling them, that the church and religion is in danger; as the manner is to procure subscribers to *cent societies, tract societies, societies for the education of young men at Andover*, &c. &c. In this case all has been fair and open; a plain unvarnished tale of the fire has gone forth, and the result of a spontaneous contribution we have no doubt will be honourable to the character of the town. We all remember when the inhabitants of Portsmouth, of Newburyport, and St. John's, suffered a similar calamity; with how much enthusiasm the citizens of Boston came forward to assist them; we believe that in each of those cases Boston took the lead in the promptness and in the amount of assistance sent. Many other places did honourably, but we have no remembrance of hearing the name of Savannah amongst those who afforded to either of those towns any assistance. If her inhabitants gave any thing, it might have been in so secret a manner as not to come to our ears. We think too highly of the character of Bostonians to believe that any consideration of dissimilarity of manners could check their liberality, or that any ingratitude from the persons relieved could give them a moment's uneasiness. Were the inhabitants of St. John's accountable for the character of all the libellers that come from their town to "these regions," still the commendations that have been given us publickly for our liberality would ever balance the petty contemptible obloquy we may have received from some obscure individuals, who to please a few, envious and malevolent, may have honoured us by their abuse to obtain with more certainty a fat living amongst us.

If we make a suitable allowance for the embellishment and exaggeration so common in the oral and written accounts of the people in our sea-port towns, perhaps the fire at Savannah was not more extensive and did not produce a greater calamity than either of the three fires mentioned at the north of us. And to a limited extent the persons who suffer by a small fire such as those that have recently taken place in this town are as worthy objects of our charity and assistance, as if the fire had been more extensive.

The wonderful dexterity with which our townsmen stop the progress of the destructive element, has of late years confined the calamity of fires in this town to so narrow limits, that we have not only, not been obliged to ask assistance from other cities and neighboring towns; but we have hardly thought it necessary to relieve the immediate sufferers by any unusual charity from amongst ourselves. Many persons have in a single night been stripped of their wealth or of a competency, and left thrown upon the world with large families totally destitute of the means of support, who have never received any assistance in charity. As the city of Savannah contains about six thousand inhabitants nearly one half of which are people of colour or slaves. The latter class being the most destitute must be presumed to suffer most of the privations of life. The merchant, and the planter may have lost his property and part of his surplus wealth; but it is the poor man and the slave who suffer for the necessaries of life. The former have other resources, and numerous friends, the latter are unknown, destitute and friendless, and often suffer for necessaries when their more fortunate neighbours are abundantly supplied.

It is the duty of those who give alms for the relief of the necessitous to take care that their charities are properly applied, that the most suitable subjects may be sure of receiving their proportion of relief.

Our ears have been so shocked by the horrid, inhuman, and barbarous punishment, inflicted on a poor slave in the same state of Georgia, viz. of Augusta, formerly the seat of Government of the state, situated on the same river and only about one hundred miles distance from Savannah, that we are disposed to believe that the state of moral feeling in that part of the United states is in a very different situation from our own.

We are proud to believe that in no part of New-England would the punishment of burning a human being to death be tolerable for any crime whatever. So far from daring to revive this relick of the dark ages, any person who should countenance it would be indignantly driven from society.

This is one of the many instances which shows how slavery corrupts the heart and destroys all the finer feelings of the soul. While we are thankful that we are free from this most dreadful scourge of the wrath of Heaven, we ought at least in our charities to see that they are distributed with equal and upright justice, without regard to colour or birth.

To ensure such a righteous disposal of the charities to be sent to Savannah, we think that a committee of distribution should be selected. Who should be instructed to distribute the amount collected in proportion to their representation, viz. by calling five slaves equal to three free persons, with liberty to invert the ratio or take some more equitable course which may hereafter be suggested. But at any rate we do not think that the distribution ought to be entrusted to the Georgians themselves, whose feelings towards this unfortunate race of human beings will hardly be excited to compassion by the ordinary sufferings of hunger and cold. So long have they been accustomed to see these slaves treated with infinitely more cruelty than the people in the free states treat their brutes, that we should feel very little confidence of their sharing our charitable donations with that class so despised and so harshly treated by them, but perhaps in the eye of their Supreme Maker as worthy objects as their oppressors.

HORATIUS FLACCUS.

"*MONTEZILLO.*"

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GALAXY.

Sir, *Quincy, Feb.* 22, 1820.

I last week observed, in the *Centinel* of Wednesday, a letter from our venerable fellow-citizen, John Adams, dated at "*Montezillo*;"—and again, in the same paper of Saturday, among the surviving signers of the Declaration of Independence, was mentioned by the Editor, "John Adams *of Montezillo*."—Now, it has become a subject of much curious enquiry, among us plain citizens, what all this means. Some of my neighbours insist, that Mr. Adams must be on a visit to Mr. Jefferson; and that *Montezillo* is an error of the press, or is a new-fashioned way of spelling *Monticello*.—Others conjecture, that as the word has a kind of Spanish appearance, it must be the name of some place in South America; and that this old friend of liberty is amongst the Spanish patriots, aiding and assisting them in recovering and maintaining the rights, to which, by the irrevocable laws of Nature, they are entitled.—But as it has not been perceived, that our distinguished fellow-townsman has been absent lately, for a sufficient length of time to have been at Monticello,—much less, to have seen South America,—we are obliged to confess, that the mystery is not yet explained.

After puzzling my brain for a long time, I suddenly bethought myself of the famous *Travels* of the Editor of the Centinel. It is here, said I, that I shall find all my difficulties resolved. This great traveller, in the course of his grand tour, no doubt passed through "*Montezillo*," but it was merely for the honour of taking a *glass of wine* with his *particular friend*, the *ci-devant president*. It is in this repository of all knowledge, geographical, agricultural, political, and philosophical, that I shall obtain a particular account of the situation, latitude, longitude, productions, history, and origin of "*Montezillo*."—I procured, without delay, the huge folio in which these travels are contained, and searched it, from beginning to end;—but in vain. No such place as "*Montezillo*" is even named.—You can easily imagine, Sir, my disappointment and vexation.—One resource only remained: It was, to request, through your paper, the Editor of the Centinel, to copy from the manuscript *itinerary* of his travels, the information which is so generally desired, respecting this unknown town, city, or place; and to favour the publick with it, in the form of an *appendix* to his celebrated Tour.—If no such account (which I think impossible) is contained in the original manuscript, the author, who is so justly famed for his geographical erudition, will no doubt be able to supply it from some other source.

Please to accept the assurances of my high respect.

JOSIAH OLDFASHION.

[illegible]

☞ [illegible] Appearance [illegible] to be [illegible] such an institution may ultimately be serviceable to the town, [illegible] it is founded, and [illegible] to its real patrons—and we feel also, restrained to declare that the mode in which it has been got up, the "due form" in which it was opened, and the characters of some who have made a great noise about it, form altogether, one of the most contemptible of all farces.

☞ We have often been pleased with the poetical pieces in the Kentucky Gazette, signed "Country Lad." We had supposed them to be, as they purported, original. That which appears on our last page to-day, is an outrageous plagiarism. With a few verbal alterations, to give it a local application, it is nothing more or less than Mrs. Barbauld's poem on Warrington Academy.

☞ A Friend to Industry, proposes to form a Society for cleaning the side-walks, and requests all who are disposed to unite for that purpose, to meet on Frog Pond, the first cold night, poking up by the way of Winter or Boylston Street, then and there to adopt measures for the execution of the work now on hand.

☞ If any "gentleman of standing and respectability in this town" has been guilty of the conduct attributed to him in a letter sent to us this week, he ought to be exposed. When we know his name, we will publish the letter.

APPRENTICES' LIBRARY.

Of all the expedients, which the celebrated Fudge family in Boston, have hit upon, to increase and perpetuate their honourably-acquired and ever-to-be-respected name, influence, and reputation, that of the apprentices' library is likely to be the most successful. This institution dates its origin on the twenty second of February, the anniversary of the birth-day of Washington. The library "was opened in due form." An address was pronounced on the occasion, and "the throne of grace addressed in a fervent and appropriate prayer." We were not among the favoured multitude who heard these services; for though the *spacious* apartment containing the library and *all* the rooms adjacent in the Old-State-House (the whole equal perhaps to an area of *forty* square feet) were thrown open, yet they were unable to accommodate but a small proportion of the ladies, clergymen, statesmen, presidents, judges and apprentices, who attended on the interesting and important business of the day. We are informed from a source which cannot be doubted, that the orator described to the apprentices the nature and extent of the works composing the library, and pointed out the good effects which must result to them from a careful perusal of the books, in making them industrious workmen, good men, and respectable citizens. Among the expensive, scarce and scientific works which make up this splendid collection, we understand there are one hundred Murray's English Reader, Twelve duodecimo Bibles, and half a dozen copies in boards of "Demetrius, the hero of the Don,"—a fragment of an ancient epic poem, and two of the writings of Old South. It is not probable that the wishes of the founders of this institution are yet realised to their full extent.—It was mentioned in a late paper that fifty copies of Bunyan's Pilgrim's Progress were much wanted—from which it is but fair to conjecture that they intend to monopolize most of the standard works in the science of mechanics, and other branches of natural and experimental philosophy, in order that those who read may indeed make "industrious workmen." Whether we consider the magnitude and excellence of this collection,—the importance of the object which it is intended to promote, (no less than that of conferring immortality on the illustrious dignitaries of the Fudges)—or the beneficial effects that are likely to result to society in this town, and even to the world at large,—we cannot but offer the feeble tribute of our homage to the untired and undying perseverance which has so far accomplished its benevolent and disinterested purposes.

"Why now I see there's mettle in thee; and even from this instant do build on thee a better opinion than ever before."

The following remarks relative to an official act of the government of this state, were found, much to our surprise, in the Worcester Spy of the 9th inst. It will doubtless excite the same sensation in others, who have seen, for some years past, the fervency and devotedness with which the Spy justified every act of political or religious *favoritism*. The editor seems to have opened his eyes for the first time, and is really half-willing to believe that favouritism may exist at head-quarters. Keep your senses awake, my good fellow. "There are tales abroad—you shall hear more anon."

"Court-Martial.—We are indebted to the politeness of an officer of this Division, for permission to take a copy of the General Order, announcing the result of the late trial, by Court-Martial, of Lieut. Col. John W. Lincoln. As the Order has not been printed for distribution, as is usually done, we presume its publication will be gratifying to many of our readers. Should they be surprised at the "delicate, qualifying, mincing, pocket-box, gentleman-usher mode," in which the sentence of the court is executed by the Commander in Chief, or at the unusual circumstance of the order being transmitted to this Division only in manuscript, it must be borne in mind by forget who is the officer implicated, and that "kissing goes by favour."

We have opportunity, at this time, only to remark, on this subject, that an opinion has been prevalent, and is now by no means losing ground, (and among men, too, whose [illegible] participation would not easily favour such an opinion) that a sort of favouritism exists at head-quarters, in relation to the affairs of this Division, which have, apparently, been so managed as very much to accommodate the views and gratify the feelings solely of participating individuals. It ought, therefore, no longer to be concealed from those who appear to need still any proof to the contrary, that such an opinion is extensively entertained, and that the favouritism which is suspected, (if, indeed, it such exists,) is extended towards men who [illegible]

We know nothing of the [illegible] against Col. Lincoln, but [illegible] general order [illegible] an order of a most singular character truly. The sentence of the court-martial was that Col. Lincoln should be *reprimanded* in orders—and the following is the reprimand of the commander in chief.

"It is always painful to the Commander in Chief to find Officers of the Militia falling under the censure of a Court-Martial; but it is extremely so, when the conduct of an Officer, distinguished by elevated rank and military accomplishments, is found in any respect to merit publick animadversion.

Lieut. Col. John W. Lincoln is released from arrest."

PRIEST-CRAFT IN DANGER.

Old Demetrius and the whole tribe of "workmen of like occupation" never trembled more at the apprehension of danger to their craft, than do some modern preachers. It would seem from the uneasiness manifested by some of these *conscientious* gentlemen, on account of the Post-Office, the news-room, and the second edition of a Saturday evening paper, that this goodly town, so celebrated for piety and soberness is shortly to become a sink of vice and infidelity. We feel more than half disposed to take side with those who oppose these establishments, and to mingle our tears and lamentations with theirs. Why cannot people be satisfied with hearing a good sermon without reading a newspaper,—or, as it was lately denominated by a grave and reverend divine, a folio of four pages,—(a very happy figure, and, as Sir David Dundee says, *very new.*) There are some, it is true, who contend that a *good* sermon is something of a rarity—but then these people are no judges. Every reasonable man, who performs his duty by listening to sermons and taking every thing the preacher says for inspiration, must be satisfied. It is only those stubborn ridiculous fellows who think for themselves that want a newspaper to read. We know several of these [illegible]-blooded infidels, who have had the boldness to declare that some of the sons of the prophets who come to us from Harvard College, are mere boys, and their learned sermons, about faith and futurity, which they

"read from their place,
"With as much feeling as their sermon-case,"

are nothing but vapid speculation and puerile inanity. Thank heaven! we think differently. The young men from that school of the prophets, are miracles of sense and sound philosophy. No other college can produce a graduate who can demonstrate that reason is *not*, and that a capacity to be religious *is*, the attribute which distinguishes man from the other classes of animals—and therefore (a most logical deduction) 'that is the reason why he is not ashamed of the gospel.' Seeing we are encompassed with a cloud of *such* evangelists and inspired teachers, let us comfort one another with the hope that our craft will not be put in jeopardy by the Post-office, the news-room, or the Sunday paper.

"Men are of nothing so liberal, as of their advice."

We noticed, in a late *Palladium*, a BIG *letter*, said to be sent with a LITTLE *book*, to the Committee for receiving donations to the "*Apprentices' Library*," by the Democratic candidate for Lieutenant-Governor. A sheet of paper costs but little;—and *time*, which hangs heavily on one's hands, may as well be occupied in *giving advice*, (which is generally a substitute for giving any thing else) as be *wasted* in any other way. Indeed, as we have no *money* to spare, we have *ourselves* some intention of doing our part towards assisting the Savannah sufferers, by writing a *long letter*, mingling with our sincere condolence much good advice, respecting resignation, industry and economy.——To return, however, to the letter of the *candidate* for "Honor,"—we could not help observing the remarkable contrast which exists in the style of the Lieutenant-Governor-*in-anticipation*, and of the Lieutenant-Governor-*in-fact*. That of the former is remarkably verbose, inflated, and desultory;—while that of the latter is equally distinguished for its Spartan brevity and simplicity, and its coming at once to the *point*. It is truly *multum in parvo*. As we have not the honour of being one of the Committee, we cannot say whether a letter has been received from the latter gentleman, on the present occasion, or not, we; therefore, cannot have the pleasure of giving a copy of it to our readers, if there be one. But we shall insert below, the blank form which is generally used by him on such oc-

casions, and which we recommend to be followed in future, by all printers of long letters, is as follows:—

"MASSACHUSETTS BANK.

Dolls. Cts. Boston, . . 1820.

Pay to . . or bearer, . . hundred dollars Cents.

To the Cashier. WILLIAM PHILLIPS."

ORATORIO.

An oratorio was given by the Handel and Haydn Society, at Boylston Hall, on Tuesday evening, which was attended by an overflowing audience. Amongst the selections were some of the boldest choruses of Handel, Bethooven's celebrated chorus, "Hallelujah to the Father" and the first part of Haydn's Creation. Some of the pieces were performed well—excellently well—but truth and fairness oblige us to say that some others were painfully discordant. The cause of this it is not for us to point out—but an impression is prevalent that a want of harmony of sentiment and feeling between professional men and amateurs often destroys the satisfaction of performers as well as auditors.

A piece composed by Mr. Bray of the Theatre was performed for the first time in public, and received with much pleasure. It reminded us of the style of Mozart, yet we perceived nothing like imitation. It may not be improper here to say that the public have been indebted to the musical taste and science of Mr. Bray for some very excellent and appropriate music in the melo-dramas of the Falls of Clyde and the Innkeeper's Daughter.

THE PUBLIC SYMPATHY

Has been strangely excited for these ten days past for one of our most pious note-shavers, who from the purest and most benevolent motive *bought* a note of one of the students of the American Education Society, which note turns out to be spurious. In consideration of his misfortune, it is suggested that the committee for obtaining subscriptions to relieve the Savannah sufferers, ought to remit one half the sum the said shaver has subscribed for that purpose.

☞ *NOTICE.*

Dr. Gullum most respectfully acquaints the learned of this metropolis, and vicinity, that he intends to deliver a course of Lectures upon the GREAT TOE, with illustrations and experiments of an entirely novel kind. Having been corn-cutter to several of the royal family, nobility and gentry of England, he presumes that from his extensive practice and scientific acquirements, he shall receive the first support. In his ninety-ninth lecture he "is to come before the Ladies." Several specimens of the toes of other animals will be exhibited for the gratification of the curious. Apply at 177 State-Street, Up Stairs, where a prospectus may be seen.

☞ *ANOTHER.*

We wish to promote the extensive sale of a pamphlet containing the heads of the Rev. Mr. Emerson's Lectures upon Astronomy, lately delivered with much success in this town; and also of an elaborate work upon the MILLENNIUM by the same learned gentleman. In the former, we have received great comfort by finding a calculation of the precise period when the world and planets are to be destroyed. The present generation will be happy to hear that this terrible event is not to take place for some days; the Rev. gentleman having demonstrated, we believe, that it is to occur 167,000 years hence.

Communicated for the Galaxy.

SONNET TO DR. RAMSAY.

Amazing Genius! say if Scotia's land
So poor, so small, could not thy mind contain?
Or pris'd the Britons not those talents grand
Which pour'd such lustre o'er the western main?
Europe thy worth will ne'er be'old again;
Ungrateful Europe! whom thou shouldst command!
Well! let her sons in ignorance remain,
So Yankees swallow thy instruction bland!
Yankees! sensible, brave and generous band,
Fond of all matters that come over sea—
And ever prone to stretch a helping hand
To ART—save, nation, arts and industry.
RAMSAY! o'erjoyed, we plight our faith on thee:—
And bless thee for thy lectures on anatomy!

K.

MR. PRINTER,

Through the medium of your paper I beg to enquire how the duty for the safe keeping of Gunpowder is attended to in the town of Boston; since by there is smuggling and "skulking."

A CITIZEN.

BURNING OF A NEGRO.

The following particulars [illegible] of the dreadful scene we extracted from [illegible]

[illegible] the Mississippi, conveyed with [illegible] the city which instigated the murder was thronged with [illegible] by the rack. He was then permitted to address [illegible] and a most affecting scene of tenderness [illegible] ensued. They were separated by order of the Marshal, and the criminal confessed to his wife, "God Almighty bless you." His hands, feet, &c. were then tied to the stake, and pitch pine splinters, over which were poured spirits of turpentine, were piled up as high as his head. After several "respectable men" had heard what he had to say, the wood was set on fire, and in an instant the wretch was enveloped in flames. He screamed dreadfully twice, but was soon silent, and the flesh was speedily burnt from the bones.—The other, who in the mean time leaned with his head averted against the gallows, was placed on the scaffold, from which he endeavoured to throw himself backward, but was prevented and was launched into eternity. After hanging 20 minutes, he was taken down, and his head, after seven or eight blows with a dull ax, was severed from his body, to be placed upon a pole, near Augusta, where four roads meet. His trunk was thrown into a grave, under the gallows. The execution took place in a valley, and a guard of soldiers prevented the spectators, who were considerably numerous, and composed about equally of blacks and whites, from approaching very near the criminals.

STATISTICS OF EUROPE.

From a French Paper.—Europe contains in superfices, 153,559 square geographic miles, of 15 to a degree, or only 1116 of the continental superfices of the whole earth. Its population is estimated at 180 millions and a half; which gives one with another, 1177 inhabitants to each square geographic mile. It should always be remembered, that this population is very unequally divided; for if in the lowest countries, for example, we reckon 4550 inhabitants to a square mile, Russia contains but 447; Sweden 362; and Norway only 118.

Europe contains 17 nations; 1st, nations speaking the dialects derived from the Latin Language, 61 millions; 2d, Teutonic nations, 54 millions; 3d, Sclavonian, 46 millions; 4th, Celtic, 3,720,000; 5th Tartars, 3,600,000; 6th, Magyans, 5,250,000; 7th, Greeks, 2,100,000; 8th, Finns, 1,800,000; 9th Cimmerians, 1,610,000; 10th, Basques, 630,000; 11th, Arnauts, 300,000; 12th, Maltese, 80,000; 13th, Circassians, 8,000; 14th, Samoides, 2,100; 15th, Jews, 2,660,000; 16th, Gipsies, 340,000; and 17th, Armenians 150,000.

The Roman Catholics are in number about 100 millions; the Protestants of different Communions, about 42 millions; the schismatic Greeks, 32 millions; the Mennonists 240,000, the Methodists, 190,000; the Unitarians, 50,000; the Quakers, 40,000; the Mahometans, 2,630,000; the Jews, 2060 thousand; and the Herrnhuttors, 40,000.

In classing out each state according to its superfices, its population, its ordinary revenues, and the contributive proportion of each individual towards the public burdens, we find that they should occupy the following order:

Superfices.—1st, Russia; 2d, Sweden; 3d, Austria; 4th, France; 5th, Turkey; 6th, Spain; 7th, Great Britain; 8th, Prussia; 9th, Germany; 10th, Denmark; 11th, the Two Sicilies; 12th, Portugal; 13th, Sardinia; 14th, the Netherlands; 15th, Switzerland; 16th, the Ecclesiastical states; and 17th, Tuscany, &c.

Population.—1st, Russia; 2d, France; 3d, Austria; 4th, Great Britain; 5th, Germany; 6th, Spain; 7th, Prussia; 8th, Turkey; 9th, the Two Sicilies; 10th the Netherlands; 11th, Sardinia; 12th, Portugal; 13th, Sweden; 14th, the Ecclesiastical States; 15th, Switzerland; 16th, Denmark; 17th, Tuscany, &c.

Revenue.—1st, Great Britain; 2d, France; 3d, Russia; 4th, Austria; 5th, Germany; 6th, the Netherlands; 7th, Prussia; 8th, Spain; 9th, Turkey; 10th, Portugal; 11th, the Two Sicilies; 12th, Sardinia; 13th, Sweden; 14th, Denmark; 15th, the Ecclesiastical States; 16th, Tuscany; and 17th, Switzerland, &c.

Contributive Portion on each Individual towards the Public Charges.—This last calculation is the most curious. It demonstrates what each individual pays annually one with another,—namely, in England, 58 francs, 17 cents; in the Netherlands, 38f. 5c.; in France, 19f. 71c.; in Germany, 16f. 6c. in Russia, 15f. 93c.; in Denmark, 14f. 60c.; Portugal, 13f. 59c.; in Spain, 17f. 60c.; in Sardinia, 12f. 5c.; in Austria, 11f. 68c.; in the Ecclesiastical States, 9f. 40c.; in Sweden, 9f. 31c.; in Tuscany, 9f. 12c.; in Turkey, 9f. 4c.; in the two Sicilies, 7f. 97c.; and in Switzerland, 5f. 49c. This last is the weakest of all the European States.

THE SILVER AGE.

BROWNSVILLE, (PA.) FEB 7. Since the discovery of the silver mine near Zanesville (an account of which was published in a late number of the Register) expectation has been 'on the tip-toe,' among the salt-borers of this neighborhood. We have heard several accounts of their having passed through *hard metallic substances*, heretofore, at a certain distance from the surface of the earth, corresponding with that discovered by Mr. Chandler, in Ohio—but they never once thought of having their borings examined. It is expected, however, that they will hereafter be on the alert—and very important discoveries may be made, if Chandler has actually found the precious metal, as represented; and we can see no reason to doubt it. A few years ago, the man who would undertake to bore for salt water in this neighborhood, would have been considered insane—but now almost every farmer can find it; a few years hence, silver ore may be found in as great abundance as that of iron.—Since silver mines have become the topic of the day, we have heard the following fact related by a gentleman of veracity, which goes to establish the idea that there is silver ore in Fayette county: "About fourteen years since, a boy living in Union-Town discovered some where on the Laurel Hill, within 7 or 8 miles of Union, a large quantity of ore; from its peculiar appearance, he formed the determination of having it tested; and took a small piece (the size of a hickory-nut) to an ingenious blacksmith for that purpose, who extracted from it to the value of 87 cents of pure silver. He then promised to the blacksmith, that the thing should be kept a secret until that if he would purchase the land on which it had been found, he should receive one half the products—which was agreed to—and they set out together to give the place a thorough examination. On their way, the boy was seized with a violent headache and fever, which compelled them to return: he took his bed immediately, became delirious, and died in a few days. This casualty prevented the blacksmith, who had not been particularly informed, from ascertaining the spot where the valuable discovery had been made.

FROM THE KENTUCKY ADVOCATE.

NEW-ORLEANS THEATRE.—A very splendid Theatre has been built at New-Orleans, which far surpasses every other in the union. The Baltimore Theatre is remarkable and justly, but its house is opened on Sunday evening. This, no doubt, shocks the delicacy of religious people, who consecrate that evening to devotion; but it opens the way to [illegible]

[illegible] by the [illegible] and [illegible] the [illegible] and [illegible] The admission of Louisiana into the union, a fortunate, accidentally [illegible] of [illegible] manners and customs [illegible] New-Orleans, [illegible] Spanish and French population, will [illegible] the same laws and observe the same customs, until a majority of that population shall be American, and introduce a better state of things. In France and Spain, Sunday evening is considered the most profitable for the Theatre; indeed, after twelve o'clock on Sunday, the period at which mass concludes, the streets of Paris are peculiarly animated with puppet shows, rope dancers and musicians, and those whose leisure and means will enable them to visit the Theatre on any other night, generally crowd it on Sunday, and the third tier of boxes, or *loges*, is generally appropriated to what nominations those in Paris called *grisettes*, or milliners, hosiers, tailors and sewing girls; and in New-Orleans, this same department is occupied by the quadroons or mulattoes. The most objectionable part of this theatrical concern at New-Orleans, is the gaming rooms which branch from it, and produce an immense annual revenue to the proprietor, who is licensed for the purpose. To make the establishment complete, there is also attached to this Theatre, a very magnificent ball room, called the conde hall room; and on gala nights, the most accomplished and fashionable of these ladies exhibit their pumpkin-coloured faces to great effect, tricked out in all the gaudy hues of the rain bow, bespangled, bedizened and bestahed—some of whom, however, are said to be sensible and well bred, maugre their complexions. There is also a very singular municipal regulation at New-Orleans, which must be of Norman origin, from its stiff formality; the Mayor of the city is manager of the Theatre *de jure*—he orders the curtain to rise, forbids the actors when they are out of their parts, and sends them forthwith to the city prison if they are in the least refractory.

THINGS IN GENERAL

CITY OF NEW YORK.—The revenue of the City of New-York for 1820, from the ordinary sources, is estimated at 112,299 dollars, and the ordinary expenditures at 485,776; deficit, 373,477. But there are other claims on the City Treasury, which make the entire deficiency 747,266. To provide for which there is proposed a direct tax of 270,000—and 3 per cent. stock to the amount of 1,000,000, &c. The City Stock already amounts to 300,000; and will thus be augmented to 1,300,000. In the City revenue is now reckoned 32,000 from docks and slips, 10,118 from ferries, 7,000 from street manure, 7,200 from tavern licences, 14,000 from excise licences, 10,000 from vendue sales. In the expenditures are included 120,000 for the alms house, 60,000 for the watch, 25,000 for the lamps, 15,000 for the fire department, 94,000 for salaries, 3,500 for charities, &c.

The law to stay executions, has passed both Houses of the legislature of Maryland, by large majorities; its provisions are, that judgement debts shall be paid by instalments. First payment, Nov. 30[illegible]20; the Second, May 1st, 1821, and the last November 30th, 1821.

GOV. FINDLAY.—The committee appointed by the Legislature of Pennsylvania, to inquire into the official conduct of Governor Findlay, have made a report, six to one, exonerating him from the charge of corruption in office.

SUBSTITUTE FOR COFFEE.—The Baltimore Morning Chronicle mentions that a Merchant of Philadelphia retails forty bushels of *roasted rye* per week, as a substitute for Coffee. The Chronicle adds—"Rye Coffee is much used in Baltimore already, and we have no doubt that the more generally it is known, the more the substitute will be adopted, and economy of this kind, and at this time, deserves to be patronised by every patriot."

INCENDIARIES.—Attempts have been recently made to set fire to the cities of Charleston and Philadelphia. In both places, combustible materials have been found lodged in situations, well calculated to spread conflagration, in case of high winds; and but for a timely discovery of them, would probably have been lighted, and the devastation, contemplated by these hardened wretches, effectually produced. Similar attempts are also said to have been renewed in Savannah.

During a violent Tornado, which occurred in Georgia, on the 3d inst. the plantation of the hon. John Elliott, suffered much damage; his cotton gin house was blown down, and one of his slaves killed, and 30 more severely wounded, by falling of the timbers.—Such was the violence of the wind, that it blew two bales of cotton across a river of many yards width.

On the 7th February a black slave having a dispute with a white man, named Matthews, who was intoxicated, at Norfolk, Va. the whiteman cut the negroes throat with a knife. He has been committed to jail, and if the negro dies, will probably have to pay for him.

On the 7th Feb. also, as three citizens of South-Carolina, were pursuing a party of runaway negroes, one of them came up with one of the blackmen, who was armed, and after commanding him to stand, snapped his gun at him, which missed fire; when the negro instantly levelled the pistol, and killed the whiteman instantly. The black escaped.

The act which has passed the parliament of England, for the suppression of libellous publications has taken in at a sweep all small papers, whether pamphlets, weekly journals, trial reports, or of any description which will not afford a duty of about seven cents on each. There are three ways in which it is to operate: In the first place, every printer must give security to the amount of 500*l.* sterling for the purity of the matter he shall print; then every publisher or printer must pay the stamp duty of 4*d.* English, on each copy; and for the second offence he is to suffer banishment. Sir V. De Crespigny gravely observed upon the bill, just as if it was about to be passed, that if the noble Lord Castlereagh should happen to be cut off by the hands of the law, the world would be deprived by the loss of his Lordship's *dying speech and confession*.—*Phil. Union.*

HYDROPHOBIA. A man died a few days since in New-York, of Hydrophobia. He had been bitten eight months before, and the scull-cap, which had been freely used as a remedy, was wholly inefficacious.

A Teamster was shot through the head in the streets of Hartford, on the 14th inst. by a young man shooting at a mark and it was supposed he could not recover.

FIRES.—The woollen factory near Hempstead, L. I. was entirely destroyed by fire on Thursday night last week, with all the machinery and stock. Loss estimated at $10,000. The fire is supposed to have originated from a stove pipe.

The valuable candle and soap works, belonging to Mr. James Robbins of Watertown, with all the stock, were destroyed by fire on Monday evening last.

A house in Providence, R. I. was burnt on the 3d Feb. and a son of the owner burnt to death. A Mr. Taylor, in a heroic attempt to save the boy, was so much burnt that he died shortly after.

ATTEMPT AT ROBBERY. The house of Mr. Fleury of Brighton, was entered last Friday night last by three men, demanding his life or his money. Mr. F. escaped to a neighboring house and gave the alarm, on which the rogues fled. They have since been apprehended, and are now in custody.

CORRESPONDENCE.

The letter from Worcester, signed a Democrat, for which we paid ten cents, is inadmissible. When [illegible] to "any proposed amendments to the most [illegible] foreign regulations," other than [illegible] we [illegible] such proposed amendments will be [illegible] —not [illegible] the [illegible] will supply proper attention" to the [illegible] alluded to in his letter.

Masonic Calendar.

Mount Lebanon Lodge,	Boston, Monday Evening.
St. John's,	Newburyport, do.
Corner Stone,	Duxbury, do.
Montgomery,	Medway, Wednesday.
Mount Landmark,	Portland, do.
Columbian,	Boston, Thursday.

Marriages.

In this town, Mr. John Chester to Miss Sarah Wellington. Mr. Samuel Cossant to Mrs. Mary Erskine.

In Cambridge, Mr. John Baker to Miss Mary Downs.

In Dorchester, Mr. Joshua Frouty, of Chester, Vt. to Miss Sarah Hutchings.

In Roxbury, Mr. Sewel Kendal, of this town, to Miss Sarah Wyman.

In Medford, Mr. Samuel Rindge, merchant, of Cambridge, to Miss Mary Wait.

In Salem, Mr. Jeremiah Fellows to Miss Eliza Brown.—Mr. John F. Mansfield to Miss Adeline Story.

Deaths.

In this town, Mr. Emanuel Gordon, aged 22. Rev. James M. Winchell, pastor of the First Baptist church, aged 22. Mr. Jacob A. Cummings, Bookseller, aged 47.

In Wantage, N. J. 29th ult. George Baxter, Esq. and his wife Jane in the 64th year of their age—had been married 42 years. The wife survived her husband but 15 hours.

In Nazareth, Pen. Dr. Joseph Otto aged 76.

In Nantucket, Jan. 22, Charles Collin, youngest son of the Rev. Seth F. Swift, aged 3 months.

THEATRE.

THIS Evening, Friday, Feb. 24, will be performed, Sheridan's elegant comedy called

THE SCHOOL FOR SCANDAL.

Sir Peter Teazle, Mr. Bartley.
Lady Teazle, Mrs. Bartley.

To which will be added the musical entertainment called

THE ADOPTED CHILD.

Michael, Mr. Bartley.

FRANKLIN MUSIC WAREHOUSE
No. 6 MILK ST. BOSTON.

Elegant Piano Fortes, New Style.

JUST received, and for sale, as above, ELEGANT SQUARE PIANO FORTES, Round Corners, with three Pedals and double strings. Also, a superb horizontal Grand Piano Forte, with six Pedals very elegant.

The above being a consignment, will be offered very low for Cash, to close the sales, by

JOHN R. PARKER.

☞ Just Published, a new song, "Ask why a Blush." Also, a variety of new music, consisting of Songs, Waltzes and Marches, &c. A new Catalogue is now ready for delivery to Customers, gratis.

Feb. 24.

HAMILTON'S COURSE OF 16 WEEKLY LECTURES—in which it is intended to convey as much instruction in the French Language, as is usually obtained in private classes in 24 lessons, will begin on TUESDAY, the 29th inst. at 7 o'clock in the evening, at Concert Hall—subscription, 5 dollars. Should the number of Boys and Girls justify it, a repetition of each Tuesday evening lecture will be given in their favor on Thursday or Saturday afternoon, at which all subscribers will have liberty to attend.

Parents and others, who intend honoring these Lectures with their patronage, will oblige by leaving their names with Messrs. West, Richardson & Lord, or C. Bingham & Co. Booksellers, Cornhill, or at the Lecturer's apartments, Mrs. Stedman's, 32, Summer-street, (at all of which places subscription tickets may be had,) as early as possible, in order that the Lecturer may form an idea of the accommodations which may be necessary.

Admittance to the first and every future Lecture, 50 cents; Children admitted to the first Lecture at 25 cts. That the parents may be able to form a judgement of the facility with which a foreign language is acquired by that simple and natural mode of teaching, a more detailed prospectus of this course, may be had gratis, at the places above mentioned. Feb. 25.

PORTRAIT PAINTING.

EXECUTED in a respectable style for $24, the pair, by WILLIAM P. CODMAN, No. 12, over Merchants' Hall.

Persons wishing correct likenesses at a low price, are respectfully invited to call.

Feb. 24.—tf.

NOTICE.

H. WILLIAMS has removed from his house in Washington-street to his former residence, No. 6, School-street, where he will wait upon ladies and gentlemen in the line of his profession.

Portrait & Miniature Painting.

Prices, } Portraits from $25, to $200.
} Miniatures from $4, to $20.

Feb. 24.

NEW DIRECTORY.

JUST published by JOHN H. A. FROST, and CHARLES STIMPSON, Jr. and for sale by them, at No. 7 Spear's Building, Congress-street, and 12 and 13, Exchange-street; and 47, Marlborough-street.

THE BOSTON DIRECTORY,

Containing names of the inhabitants, their occupations, places of business and dwelling houses; with lists of the streets, lanes and wharves, the town officers, public offices and banks, and many useful information—with a plan of the town.

Feb. 18.

LYRA [illegible]

FOR THE NEW-ENGLAND GALAXY.

HOW TO PASS AN EVENING.

[illegible] my boots—my cloak and hat,
[illegible] the entry find it;
[illegible] will fix consol's cravat
Exactly to our mind.

Now for the play—this Barnes is great
In all her parts—they say.
Stop—let me see—'tis rather late,
I budge not to the play.

Where shall I go then? pish, I'll sup
At Forster's, or at Earl's:
No I won't neither—I'll trot up
In town, to see the girls.

Boy! hollon there! you [illegible], sir,
I'm waiting knave!—make haste—
The furies baste the lazy cur
Such precious time to waste.

Let me consider—faith I'll not
Go near the girls to night—
The sex, for me, may go to p—t—
All—save Miss Jenny Wright.

Julien has ven'son! ven'son's dear,
And dev'lish apt to cool;
Cutlet and partridge? nay, I swear,
Who eats them is a fool.

To night the little Doctor (Scotch)
Holds forth on bones and skin,
They say he's no mere quack—no botch,
Boy! Boy! my boots bring in.

I'll go and hear him—let me see—
One dollar is his charge.
No. D—— his lectures—since for me
His price is much too large.

There's Ramo Samee, curious dog!—
Should like to see him act—
Eats swords with appetite like hog—
Strange—though a solemn fact.

Too dear—too dear—there's nothing cheap
But sermons in the town,
And they, at auction, by the heap,
For twopence were knock'd down.

A sleigh ride!—ah, I've hit it now,
The snow may not last long;—
Through thick and thin I'll dash, I vow;
Who cares if right or wrong.

Boy! blast the Boy! the boots, the boots,
Bring quick the boots, I say!
These servants are infernal brutes,
They love to disobey.

Ah! here he comes—a charming lad!
Here's sixpence for thy pains:
Now if a gig can soon be had,
By George! give me the reins.

Run, boy, and see, and swift come back—
Don't tumble down thou knave.
E'en now I hear the whip's brisk crack
Pish, I forgot to shave!

No matter, Fenno will excuse
A long beard in the night.
Dear me, what precious hours I lose:
"Sir, there's no hack in sight."

No hack! the devil then, for me,
May take this torpid town,
There's nothing in't to hear or see,
For gentleman or clown.

Yaw, Yaw! I'm sleepy—faith I'll go;
With heavy heart and head,
Since the curst fate's decree it so—
And tumble—into bed. CAPE COD BARD.

FROM THE KENTUCKY GAZETTE.

TRANSYLVANIA UNIVERSITY.

"See where in simple front yon mansion rears,
The nursery of men of future years!
There nature opens all her secret springs,
And Heaven-born Science plumes her Eagle wings:
Too long had bigot-rage, with malice swell'd,
Crush'd her strong pinions, and her flight withheld;
Too long to check her ardent progress above:
So writhes the serpent round the bird of Jove;
Hangs on her flight, restrains her towering wing,
Twists its dark folds, and points its venom'd sting.
Yet still (if aught aright the muse divines)
Her rising pride shall mock the vain design;
On soaring pinions yet aloft shall soar,
And thro' the azure deep untravell'd paths explore;
Where Science smiles, the muses join the train,
And gentlest arts and purest measures reign.
Ye generous youth, who love this studious shade,
How rich a field is to your hopes display'd!
Knowledge to you unlocks the classic page;
And virtue blossoms for a better age.
Oh golden days! Oh bright unvalu'd hours!
What bliss (did you but know that bliss) were yours!
With richest stores your glowing bosoms fraught,
Perception quick, and luxury of thought;
The high designs that heave the labouring soul,
Panting for fame, impatient of controul;
[illegible] enthusiastic thought, that feeds
On [illegible] tales of vast heroic deeds;
And quick affections, kindling into flame:
At virtue's or their country's honour'd name;
And spirits light, to every joy in tune;
And friendship, ardent as a summer's noon;
And generous scorn of vice's venal tribe;
And proud disdain of interest's sordid bribe;
And sometimes honour's quick instinctive sense,
And smiles unforc'd; and easy confidence;
And [illegible]; and clear simple truth;
[illegible] the mental bloom of vernal youth.
How bright the scene to fancy's eye appears,
Thro' the perspective of long distant years,
When this, this little group their country calls
From academic shades and learned halls,
To fix her laws, her spirits to sustain,
And light up glory thro' her wide domain!
Their various tastes in different arts display'd,
Like tempered harmony of light and shade,
With friendly union in one mass shall blend,
And this adorn the state, and that defend.
These the sequester'd shade shall chiefly please,
With learned labour, and inglorious ease:
While those, impell'd by some resistless force,
O'er [illegible] shall urge their vent'rous course;
Rich [illegible] by glowing suns behold,
And China's groves of vegetable gold;
From every [illegible] the various harvest spoil,
And bear the tribute to their native soil:
But [illegible] each land (while every toil they share,
[illegible] to sustain, [illegible] to dare,)
[illegible] in the nobler growth our realms supply,
And [illegible] are ripen'd in our western sky.
Some pensive creep along the shelly shore;
Unfold the silky texture of a flower;—
With sharpen'd eyes dissect an hornet's sting,
And all the [illegible] of an insect's wing;
Some trace with curious search the hidden cause
Of nature's changes, [illegible];
Untwist her bounds [illegible],
And hunt her to her elemental [illegible]:
Or prove what hidden powers in herbs are found
To quench disease and cool the burning wound;
With cordial drops the fainting heart sustain,
Call back the fitting soul, and still the throbs of pain.
The patriot passions shall strongly [illegible],
Ardent, and glowing with unfeigned zeal;
With lips of fire shall plead his country's cause,
And vindicate the majesty of laws.
This clouth'd with Columbia's thunder spread alarms
Thro' the wide earth, and shake the pole with arms.
That to the sounding lyre his deeds rehearse,
Enshrine his name in some immortal verse;
To long posterity his praise consign,
And pay a life of hardships by a line.
While others, consecrate to higher aims,
Whose hallow'd bosoms glow with purer flames,
Love in their hearts, persuasion in their tongue
With words of peace shall charm the list'ning throng,
Draw the dread veil that wraps the eternal throne,
And launch our souls into the bright unknown."

C——Y LAD.

Lincoln county, Jan. 8, 1820.

MISCELLANY.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE GALAXY.

SIR,

In the hope that my case may excite universal commiseration, and possibly elicit the advice and opinion of some of your sage correspondents, who are experienced in such deep affairs, I address to you this epistle. You will find in it a full developement of *my* feelings, and, it may be, the feelings of a hundred others, in like circumstances. If any relief can reach me, through the medium of your interesting miscellany, you may depend on my acceptance of it with gratitude.

You must know, Sir, that I reside in the country; am tolerably sensible; and, unless the looking glass deceive me, or my taste be bad, am a better looking fellow than some, whom I have known to be favourites with the fair. My life is in some degree sedentary. Company occupies but little of my thoughts, and for a pretty good reason; our neighbours being so distant, that to see any one but on church days is extraordinary. To tell the truth, those whom I might visit, are so offensive to me, on account of their ignorance, and disposition to detraction, and want of gentility, that my pride, which is considerable, makes me despise them. During this cold season, therefore, a few musty old books, and profound cogitations on the doleful predicament I find myself in, with respect to the affair above hinted at, and which I shall shortly fully explain, are my only occupations; I must except the frequent visits I pay to a next door neighbour, who is a buxom lass of about 48; and courted, as the saying is, by half a dozen gentlemen, all of whom without doubt, she intends ultimately to discard, for the honour of having it said, she has given them *the bag*. Her society is, as you may truly conjecture, of immense edification, as well as entertainment;—but it is the more valuable to me, because sometimes is superadded to it, a certain young lady, for whom I have a great regard, and whom I always am delighted to meet.

Having thus given you a rough outline of myself, and of my manner of living, to avoid further circumlocution, I now proceed to the narrative of my unhappy, because uncertain, state.

While I was engaged one Sunday of the last summer, in hearing a very interesting sermon, upon what topick has slipped my mind, a pair of beautiful eyes at the further end of the church, occasioned me no small uneasiness. Though I had gone thither with no intention to contemplate such objects, both because it was unsuitable to the sanctity of the place, and because I did not expect to find any thing wonderfully *fascinating* in our Church; yet, in spite of my devotion, the aforesaid eyes did engross the chief of my thoughts;—while the other charms of the same countenance attracted the rest. A face so captivating, and a form so symmetrically charming, it seemed to me I had never seen. The exercises in which I had been employed at once ceased to fix my attention; and the place and sermon, and text were all forgotten. I made several attempts to withdraw my eyes from the incomparable stranger; and sometimes while congratulating myself upon my resolution, was mortified to find I was still gazing at her. She occasionally gave a sly side long glance at me which, when detected, appeared in so sweet and modest a confusion as heightened her beauty. On the whole, the impressions made upon my mind by this fair enchantress were originally as strong, as they now appear to be indelible; and my only wish, from the first moment I saw her, was, that a speedy introduction might enable me to ingratiate myself into her esteem, and give me a chance of securing her favour.

Week passed after week, without affording the desired opportunity of forming an acquaintance with this object of my fondest hopes. It is needless to describe my anxiety and impatience:—They have been feelingly painted by poets and novelists from the beginning of time. Like Petrarch I consoled myself by composing upon the occasion, the most melting sonnets you can conceive of; though, like Werter, I was sometimes ready to sink in despair, lest mine should prove an unavailing flame. Thus was I for several months, tormented by alternate hope and fear; with the only comfort, if comfort it can be called, of seeing again and again the same face at church; distinguished by the same allurements, and exciting in me the same sensations which I have mentioned before they first inspired. At one time I resolved to break through the customary [illegible] and [illegible] at another [illegible] determined to speak of her, to think of her, and to look at her, no more.

In this state of affairs, as diplomatists would say, I received an invitation from her [illegible] relative, to accompany him, upon a fine moonlight evening to the house, which contained, what I considered, a pearl so estimable, that one might well dispose of all that he had to possess it. My expectations were much elevated; and in my ride thither, a thousand complimentary speeches were formed, which were to display my talents to the best advantage; and to forestall her admiration, I had previously taken care to adjust every part of my dress in the nicest mode. My hair was arranged in the most becoming way possible; my boots might have served me for a mirrour, had I not been sufficiently liberal to myself in that particular before I set out; and my cravat was put on in so stylish a manner, that I feel confident it would have attracted the notice of any of the beaux who strut up and down Cornhill, or, amuse themselves and others by their circumambulations in the Mall. All this trouble was willingly undertaken, from a conviction of the importance of a first impression; and since some will have it that people can fall in love at sight, I could not doubt that if my mistress really possessed the taste indicated by her countenance, I should witness some joyful event.

Arrived in the presence of the lady, who for so long a time had enthralled me at a distance, to conceal the timidity and strange feelings which were taking hold of me, I affected a pomposity in my address which made, or seemed to make, every one in the room silent. This was exactly what, most of all things, I did *not* wish. It was a long time before they could get over that lofty respect for me, which locked up their tongues and forced us to gaze on each other, as strangers do, at a Quaker meeting. But however grave, philosophic, and dignified I appeared, it was but appearance, And though my every word was pronounced with learned precision, and every sentence examined with critical nicety before it was suffered to escape my mouth; yet I did not please myself, nor, perhaps the company. All my wise observations passed unnoticed, and drew forth only monosyllabical replies. They did not strike as I intended;—and I began to feel that worst of all vexations, dissatisfaction with myself. I accompanied the rest in their taciturnity, and even remained an indifferent auditor of a very facetious conversation, which had been began and carried on without me. How long I should have continued mum, had I not been roused by the gentleman who introduced me, is uncertain. The mortification he caused me to feel by his indiscretion in broaching the subject of my amour, and rallying me upon it, will not soon be forgotten:—especially as the first glance I had dared to give my enamorata discovered that her face was suffused with blushes. To save my own feelings, and to relieve her distress, I treated his insinuations jocosely; and so jocosely as to excite the highest merriment in all present. Inspired by my success, my evil genius further prompted me into a ridiculous description of love, in which with surprising eloquence I tore the passion to pieces, and laughed at those who acknowledged or pretended to acknowledge its influence. Every one affected to be delighted with my wit; and indeed I was delighted myself, till a little reflection exposed the error into which folly had again betrayed me. Zounds! mentally exclaimed I, what will she think of me now? It will be impossible to convince her, that I can ever be the object of a passion upon which I have so liberally exhausted my satirical spleen. To make what atonement was in my power, I ventured to remark, with a look of great gravity, (for I felt serious) that, notwithstanding the levity which I had temporarily indulged, at the expense of a power, whose sovereignty all ages and nations have felt, it was, at least, possible, that I might yet confess its omnipotence and be voluntarily subject to its dominion.

We prolonged our visit till near midnight, though we had half a dozen miles to travel ere we could reach our home. I had no sooner taken leave, and seated myself in the chaise with my companion, than I fell into the most abstract and profound reverie. Every topick of the past conversation was brought back and reexamined. A hundred brilliant remarks occurred to my imagination, that had unluckily escaped me when they were wanted; and were therefore now as useless as the compliments with which I had furnished myself in the beginning of the evening; and which I had no occasion to pronounce. Upon a minute review, it was evident that my deportment had not been so irresistibly engaging as it was intended to be; I could remember many uncouth expressions, awkward gesticulations, vapid criticisms and erratic opinions, which must have reproached my education. In the main, however, my retrospective ruminations were pleasant. Some good things *had* been said, that were well taken; and I doubted not that my person of which I have an exalted notion, had succeeded if my talents could not come in for a part of the honour.

With the prudence, good sense, and elocution of my charmer, I had no reason to find fault, as she articulated but one [illegible] [illegible] three or five, in my hearing. The [illegible] of negatives, by the way, as I [illegible] [illegible] compliments, struck me as rather inauspicious. Neither did her personal graces diminish in the least upon a nearer inspection;—though it should be candidly acknowledged that I could not find in myself sufficient courage to look her in the face. My imagination had run away with my discretion as soon as my foot had stepped over the threshhold of her door; and I felt a due portion of that giddy delirium, and extravagance of expectation which characterized the renowned Don Quixote de la Mancha. If my courage had enabled me to address my Tobosa with polite ease and genteel freedom, my pride would have frustrated my wishes; for I never yet could bring myself to make the first advances, to a lady, lest I should hazard the possibility of being mortified by a repulse.

Seven months have now passed grievously away, and have left me little hopes of the brilliant success which I conceitedly anticipated. During this lapse, I have several times seen and sometimes conversed with the mistress of my heart. How many, many more are to creep away ere something be done to relieve my anxiety, no earthly being knows. Of this I am certain, that many poor fellows are in Co. with me in such embarrassments; and misery, it is said, loves company. Shall I think of the lady no more? Shall I send her a written account of my doleful plight? Shall I yet comfort myself with hope? or shall I drown myself in some horsepond? These are questions eternally revolving in my mind. Heavens! to what excruciating tortures are lovers doomed. What a strange, charming, cruel, lovely, inexplicable creature is Woman! Half distracted, I bid you Adieu.

X.

CHANGE OF OPINION.

I should have a poor opinion of that man's heart, who had not, in his youth, formed romantic expectations of human virtue and happiness; but I should have a much poorer one of his head, if he did not, in maturer years, see reason to abandon them—not altogether; but so as to seek for nothing more than practicable excellence.

IMAGINATION AND REASON.

The chief causes of bad and wrong actions are, either want of thought, or a wrong mode of thinking. To remedy this evil, it is requisite to teach men how to think justly, to see the true nature and relations of things, to divest themselves of undue prepossessions, to examine the true sense of words, and to acquire a knowledge of their own hearts. Opinions not derived from mere imagination, and not aided by a zeal for proselytism, are not likely to make a very rapid progress in the world. A methodistical sermon, about heaven and damnation, may make a dozen converts in half an hour; but a sober address to the reasoning faculties of man, grounded solely on his moral interests, though it may convince, will not warm nor impel him to attempt the conviction of others. Truth makes few proselytes, compared to error; imagination has a wide dominion, that of reason is more limited; ten thousand believe in the inventions of the one for ten that rely on the deductions of the other.

ANECDOTES.

Translated from the French for the Daily Advertiser.

A man who was apparently more of a wit than a mad man, but who, notwithstanding, was confined to a mad house; being asked by some, how he came there, answered, 'merely from a dispute of words.' I said 'that all men were mad, and all men said that I was mad, and the majority carried the point.'

The following anecdote is from a journal devoted to the ladies.

The history of Cinderella has been renewed at Paris. At one of the last representations of the Sicilian Vespers, a young woman lost one of her shoes in the crowd, which was very great. It was picked up by a stranger who proved to be a great admirer of pretty feet. Upon examining the little chef d'œuvre that chance had thrown upon him, his imagination was excited, and he resolved to become acquainted with the owner, at all events. For several days, his researches were of no avail, but at last reflecting that the little footed lady could not have returned home without a carriage; and that she had perhaps taken a public one, he addressed himself to all the coach drivers of that quarter in succession. From one of these men he learned that at the breaking up of the Odeon, a lady had taken his carriage who could not walk, but he was ignorant whether the inability proceeded from lameness, or simply from her being barefoot. —Nothing more was necessary, to put our stranger upon the search for Miss D***, who proved to be a pretty and clever shopkeeper of [illegible] street. Her little foot, examined more closely, produced upon him so violent an effect that notwithstanding the disproportion of rank and fortune, he did not hesitate to solicit her in marriage of her parents. As it may be imagined, the offer was accepted, the shop is already shut up and the temple of Hymen is to be opened in eight days for the young Business B***, whose parents [illegible] with great naivete, 'their daughter has done well in going to [illegible].'